

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries  
They say *Ioue* laugh, oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.  
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:  
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaviour light,  
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
Then those that haue coying to be strange,  
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,  
But that thou ouerheard'st ere I was ware  
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,  
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,  
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.  
*Jul.* O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,  
That monthly changes in her circled Orbe,  
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?  
*Jul.* Do not sweare at all:

O if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,  
Which is the God of my Idolatry,  
And Ile beleue thee.

*Rom.* If my hearts deare loue.  
*Jul.* Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,  
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:  
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,  
May proue a beauious Flower when next we meete:  
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

*Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vn-satisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

*Rom.* Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it,  
For what purpose Loue?

*Jul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,  
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are Infinite:

I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:

*Cal's within.*

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Montague* be true:

Stay but alittle, I will come againe.

*Rom.* O blessed blessed night, I am as fear'd

Being in night, all this is but a dreame,  
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

*Jul.* Three words deare *Romeo*,

And goodnight indeed,

If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By one that Ile procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,

And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,

And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

*Within: Madam.*

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee

*Within: Madam.*

(By and by I come)  
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,  
To morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thriue my soule:

*Jul.* A thousand times goodnight,

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light,  
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boys fro thier books  
But Loue fro Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

*Enter Juliet againe.*

*Jul.* Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,  
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,  
Else would I teare the Caue where *Eccho* lies,  
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then  
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

*Rom.* It is my soule that calls vpon my name,  
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,  
Like softest Musike to attending eares.

*Jul.* *Romeo*,

*Rom.* My Neece.

*Jul.* What a clock to morrow

Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* By the houre of nine.

*Jul.* I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,

I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,

Remembering how I Loue thy company.

*Rom.* And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,

And yet no further then a wantons Bird,

That let's it hop a little from his hand,

Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,

And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,  
So louing Icalous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy Bird.

*Jul.* Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:

Good night, good night.

*Rom.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

*Jul.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

*Rom.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,

The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,  
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,

From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.

Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,

His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Friar alone with a basket.*

*Fri.* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:  
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:  
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,  
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,  
I must vpfill this Oster Cage of ours,  
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,  
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,  
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:  
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

*We*

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:  
Many for many vertues excellent:  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
Onicke is the powerfull grace that lies  
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,  
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.  
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,  
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,  
And vice sometime by a fiction dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,  
Poysen hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,  
Being tasted slayes all fences with the heart.  
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,  
In man as well as Hearbes grace and rude will:  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

*Rom.* Good morrow Father.

*Fri.* Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salueth me?  
Young Sonne, it argues a distempred head,  
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;  
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,  
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:  
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuf braine  
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

*Rom.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

*Fri.* That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?

*Rom.* Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue bene feasting with mine enemies,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:  
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is fer,

On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,  
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:  
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

*Fri.* Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?

Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so deare  
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine  
Hath wast thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?

How much salt water throwne away in wast,  
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.

The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares,  
Thy old groines yet ringing in my auncient eares:

Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not

If ere thou wast thy selfe,

Thou and these woes, were

And art thou chang'd? pre

Women may fall, when th

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me

*Fri.* For doting, not fo

*Rom.* And bad'st me b

*Fri.* Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another ou

*Rom.* I pray thee chide

Doth grace for grace, and

The other did not so.

*Fri.* O she knew well

Thy Loue did read by ro

But come young wauerer

In one respect, Ile thy aff

For this alliance may so

To turne your household

*Rom.* O let vs hence,

*Fri.* Wisely, and flow

*Enter Ben.*

*Mer.* Where the deu

not home to night?

*Ben.* Not to his Father

*Mer.* Why that fame

*Jul.* vroments him so, ch

*Ben.* *Tibalt*, the kin

cer to his Fathers house.

*Mer.* A challenge

*Ben.* *Romeo* will answ

*Mer.* Any man that

*Ben.* Nay, he will an

dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas poore *Rom*

a white wenches blacke

a Loue song, the very

blind Bowe-boys but-

*Tybalt*?

*Ben.* Why what is

*Mer.* More then Prin

ous Captaine of Com

prick song, keeps time,

his minum, one, two, a

ry butcher of a silk butt

of the very first house o

immortal Passado, the

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The Pox of su

tacies, these new tuners

a very tall man, a very

mentable thing Grand

with these strange flies

don-mee's, who stand so

cannot sit at ease on th

bones.

*Ben.* Here comes *Rom*

*Mer.* Without his

steth, how art thou fish

that *Petrarch* flow'd in

wench, marrie she had

a dowlie, *Cleopatra* a C

and Harlots: *Thisbe* a g

Signior *Romeo*, *Ben* iour